THE GENUINENESS OF LETTERS AND SIGNATURES AS A STUDY.

Cases in Which the Testimony of Experts
Was Important—Times When One Has
Confounded Another—Severe Condomnstion by Courts of Alleged Experts.

The handwriting expert is a conspicuous witess in all lawsuits where the authenticity of signatures, or other writing, is questioned. He knows all about inks and the effect of age on them; about the qualities of papers, and the appearance of surfaces. He tells how erasures are made by decomposing inks, or by scraping. He points out where the paper is thin. He illustrates, by demonstration, how alterations might be made. He describes styles and peculiarities of handwriting, strokes and curves of the pen, the slants, and heights, and spreads, and spaces of writing. He has enlarged photographic copies of the questioned writing, and makes comparisons, or contrasts. He has a vocabulary of technical terms about writing. and he delivers the most emphatic opinions for the side that employs him. Two handwriting experts are frequently opposed to each other. The characteristics that prove to one export that a writing is not genuine serve as subjects for arguments of equal force for the other. There are scientific methods of explaining. A word written, as one expert declares, in a different ink, is shown by

another expert to be precisely the same ink.

Handwriting experts tostilled for many hours in the celetrated case of the colored caded whittaker at West Point, to prove that Whittaker at West Point, to prove the genuineess of a signature of the Assistant Tressurer of the United States, Mr. Cleec's Signature. To test him papers were handed to him bearing the writing of Mr. Cleec's signature of Mr. Cleec's amme. The witness picked out one that have been beared to him bearing the writing of Mr. Cleec's amme. The witness picked out one that have been beared to have been dead that the was tritten by a clerk in court while the witness was on the stand.

About seven years ago a famous libel suit was tried in Plymouth. N. H. The defoudant was Mrs. J. A. Dodge, widow of the late President of the Boston. Concord and Montreal Railroad. The charge was that she had slandered theory Raymond, the former confidential secretary of her husband. Raymond was a member of the church in high standing. a prominent Free Mason and Knight Templar. He had been the trusted secretary of Mr. Dodge for many years, and he was related to the Island wife got \$10,000 by the will, and Raymond's wife got \$10,000 by the will, and Raymond will got \$10,000 by the will, and Raymond and other relatives were beneficiaries. It appeared that almost while Mr. Podge was in the agonies of death Raymond got a cheek for \$2,500, purporting to have been given to Raymond and other relatives were beneficiaries. It appeared that almost while Mr. Podge Raymond presented to the widow for payment a note purporting to have been given to Raymond by Dodge considered a the Plymouth National Fank, and immediately after the death of Mr. Dodge Raymond presented to the widow had charged that the widow had charged the same work in the foreign and the foreign and the foreign and the fore

or Frank Cullum, charged with forging the endorsement of notes, nine handwriting experis were on one side and five on the other. The experts, disagreed. In the case of the spoot trial lasted five weeks, and the jury. His the experts, disagreed. In the case of the spoot the allowed of the case of the spoot of the spo

has been justly remarked that, besides being subject to the same defects as the opinions of persons speaking from previous familiar knowledge, it arises from a forced acquaint-ance with the handwriting of a few, often from selected specimens, while the examination is made solely with a view of giving evidence in favor of the party to whom the witness looks for remuneration." In the words of an eminent Scotch judge: "In almost all countries the evidence of persons of skill on this subject is almost totally abandoned."

An Iowa Judge wrote: "The evidence as to the genuincases of the signature, based upon the comparison of handwriting and of the opinions of experts, is entitled to proper consideration and weight. It must be confessed, however, that it is of the lowest order of evidence, or of the most unsatisfactory character." In a case reported in I. McArthur, the court said: "The opinions of experts as to the genuineness of signatures is the most unsatisfactory of any proof admitted by a court." Judge Campbell of Michigan said: "Every one knows how unsate it is to rely upon any one's opinion concerning the niceties of penmashin. The

tory of any proof admitted by a court." Judge Campbell of Michigan said: "Every one knows how unsafe it is to rely upon any one's opinion concerning the niceties of penmanship. The introduction of professional experts has only added to the mischief, and the results of litigation have shown that these are often the merest pretensions to knowledge, whose notions are pure speculation."

In the James B. Taylor will case was a mass of expert testimony as to the genuineness of Mr. Taylor's will. The Eurrogate said: "It appears to me that the intuitive generalization made by any one of the witnesses speaking from a personal knowledge of the handwriting of Mr. Taylor, is of more valuable assistance in the investigation as to the genuineness of the signature than either of the two experts called for the contestant or the expert called for the proponent." Referring to the value of expert testimony as to handwriting, in the Whittaker on the subject without coming to the conclusion that expert testimony in such eases is utterly unreliable and worse than useless, because calculated to confuse and confound any court or jury which places the slightest reliance thereon."

WHAT A KNOCK-OUT BLOW IS.

The Workings of the Force of a Blow Belivered on the Vital Parts. "How is a man knocked out?" is a question often asked. Good fighters know what portions of their anatomy they must defend in order to avoid being put to sleep, but few know the "inside" reasons why a blow on this or that point will send a man into the land of unconsciousness. It is a simple thing when you know it, like everything else, and to know it it isn't necessary to go through the operation with your own person; in fact, an experience of that kind alone will give you no more information than you have now. The cause and effect, as explained by Dr. Philip E. Donlin, Coroner's physician, who has made the study of shock one of rare interest, and who has delivered lectures on that and relative subjects before the Medico-Legal and other societies are something like this:

There are two divisions of nerves that every man has concealed about his person. One is the cerebro-spinal, and the other is sympa-The first named is called that of thetic. animal life, because it influences the physical actions of man. It finds its harbor along the spine and in the brain, and influences one to make this, that, or the other action, such as a step forward or the lifting of a hand. It is the main division, because it directly compels the brain to act, and, without the action of the brain, there is no life worth talking about. The other is the ruler of the organs and blood vessels, and is known as the organic division. vessels, and is known as the organic division. It has a close connection with the former division, through departments, or "little brains," that may be said to nest along the spine, and, upon due encouragement, communicate with the other, send the shock up along the spinal column and, thus affect the brain.

In the animal life division, sleepfulness, or coma, is produced by a blow on or about the head. A "rap on the naw" sends a shock to the brain which causes a rattling and a jumble that, for the time being, or possibly permanently, bring about lifelessness by concussion,



ON THE POINT OF THE JAW. The blow to produce that effect may be de-livered on the jawbone, whether near the chin, under or behind the ear, or anywhere near the base of the brain.



It doesn't require a Hercules to deliver it, either, so long as it fetches up in the right spot. Neither are bare knuckies nor skin gloves essential. On the contrary, the man wearing boxing gloves can do the act more successfully, for the reason that when he lands be can cover a greater striface of vulnerable space with the comparatively broad expanse that the mitten presents than with the natural uncovered hand. This is easily shown by the record of John L. Bullivan, who went about the country knocking people out in three or four rounds, several a week. In public exhibitions, where only the pillows, or four-ounce gloves, were permitted by the authorities to be used.

Before Sullivan opened up his knocking-out career it was seliem that the putting of a man to sleep was heard of. This is doubtless due to the fact that in former years London prize ring rules governed most battles. In these wrestling is permitted, and rounds are often quickly ended by a throw of one of the contestants to the ground, before there is much opportunity for stand-off, square hitting, as there is under Queensberry rules, under which John L. made his name. THE BLOW BEHIND THE EAR.



ON THE JUGULAR VEIN. CA THE JUGULAR VEIN.

There is also the blow on the neck, of fuguiar vein, that will bring about come. This
blow is delivered on the arteries of the neck,
and drives the blood up into the brain in such
a way as to create a havod equal to the effect
of the communication by way of the law, it is
more or less of a case of swamp, in which the
train is overpowered by the flood and jar, and
drops out of the performance of its normal
functions.



THE REART BLOW. In the organic division, a blow over the heart will do the same work. In this case the force that hade on the body a corried in to the heart and is caused the heart, and is alongside the sidnal column, and thence to the brain. The result is the same in each seed. The causes are intricate in their workings, but the lacts, as above stated, will sive a general idea of how a man is knocked out.

From the New Hopen Register

Mil. From the New Hosen Register

Mil. From their 20.— During the severe sterm which prevailed here and over the Round about if o'clock pendedge afterpoon a huge waterspoot was seen off Charles Island. A party of New Haven yachiganes were clock in a nagithal isometh, and for a time were fooding a magnitude waterspout came from a southerly direction. It drew at the water of the is und and created addition all disturbance to the turbujent sea. It finally broke between Charles Island and Burne's Foint by the wind changing to northwest. It would have teen destructive to any boat which came in its path.

THE OLD ASTILES.

Peleg Hears of Flying Fish-The Story of fiftekery Ben, the Catfish, Little Paler came home from school one day with every evidence of having something on his mind. After fidgeting awhile he ventured to unburden himself to his grandfather. "Grandpop," said he, "did you know that

there was flying fish?" The Old Settler grouned a little as he took his pipe out of his mouth and replied to his grandson.
"Peleg." said he, "that Bill Simmons kin

stuff you up to b'lieve anything. If y' keep on list'nin' to him, b'gosh, y' wu'n't knaw the truth w'an y' hear it." "Bill Simmons didn't tell me about the flying

fish, grandpop," said Peleg. "The teacher read it to us out of a book. The fish raise right up out of the sea and fly along just as e-e-e-aa-sy! Sometimes they light on the decks of cessels, the teacher says, and the sailors ketch em before they can get away. Did you ever see any flying fish, grandpop?"
"An' sitch is w'at you'm l'arnin' to school, is
it?" said the Old Settler, with a scowl. "Pound-

in ontruth inter the skulls of innercence an' call n' of it l'arnin'! Flyin' flah! Nex' thing we knaw they'll be dishin' y' up with swimmin' owls: W'at does the teacher tell y' she's l'arnin' y' w'en she fills y' up with fish th't kin fly?

"Natural history," replied Peleg.
"Nat'ral hist'ry!" exclaimed the Old Settler, with a tone of disgust, "Hain't I told y' many time, sonny, th't w'en y' want to knaw anything in nat'ral hist'ry, th't I alluz stood willin an' ready to give it to y' straight from natur herself? If she don't knaw nat'ral hist'ry who in under the canopy o' the firmyment does? She don't go to books and pick out things, but she just knows 'em herself, the way they be an' orter be. I lived in Sugar Swamp with natur', man an' boy, for more'n fifty year, an' I never seen nor heard o fivin' fish. Natur' never had more room to stock around in th'n she did in Sugar Swamp, an' I guess if she'd had any use fer fish th't k'd fly she'd ha' let 'em loose thar. W'en I see that teacher o' your'n, Peleg. I'll speak to her and ast her to wait till she gits hum in the bosom o' her own fam'ly fore she gits rid o' her fish stories. Flyin' fish! Yit I 'pose that teacher 'd more'n likely snicker an' pooh pooh if I sh'd give her a sartin little chapter in the nat'ral hist'ry o' fish th't I got fust hands from natur' in Sugar Swamp, fifty

chapter in the nat'ral hist'ry o' fish th't I got fust hands from natur' in Sugar Swamp, fifty year ago. I'll bate nine shillin' ag'na coon skin tht she wouldn't bileve the pisy: an' simple story o' Slickery Ben. the catfish.'

Feleg was interested at once.

Could he fly, grandpop?' said he.

K d Slickery Ben it?' said the Old Settler.

I's he could ha' flew. sonny. I wouldn't ha' stuck up my nose at the teacher tellin' y' bout flying lish, would I? No, sonny. Slickery Ben coul in't fly, but he were a cortion to all fish, fer all that. I've got half a notion to tell y' bout him, jist o git that idee o' flyin' fish outen yer mind. But mebbe y' don't keer to hear the hist'ry o' Slickery Ben.'

"Oh grandpop!' exclaimed Feleg. "Tell it!" Slickery Ben.' began the Old Settler, were a fish th't nad more y' ints th'n any other fish I ever heerd on. Wen me an' him fust met he wan't no bigger'n yer little finger, an' didn't give any more sign o' the stuff th' were in nim th'n if he'd been a lamper eel. I tore him from the arms o' his mammy, so to speak, with a dip net one day, an'he were sich a cute-look-in' little cuss th't I concluded to raise him by hand an'see w'at he'd come to. We'n he were three year old he were ez big ez a black kitten. an' uglier thin a cattynount. I kee' him in a b'ar', an'he wouldn't let no one come nigh him but me. The fust th't it ever struck me th'the were a leetle more th'n outen the common run o' cattish were one day arily in spring. A cat th't b'longed to one the neighbor we'e snooph' round our house, an'in the course of its trip it got on the edge o' the bar'l whar'l kep' my cattish. The fust thing I know'd the cat give an all-fired yell, as it she we're took bad with a suddent colic, an 'she strung up in the air more'n three foot. Wen I see th't my cattish were hangin' on to the cat'stail an' a workin' of his way a leetle nigher to the cat by gulpin' down the tail three inches at a gulp. I seased the cat fer holierin. We'n she kim down outen the air she lit on the ground nigh the bar'l. were spittin' out hull mouthfuls o' cat hair, an' looked madder n a rattlesnake 'cutuse his hoit had busted an' he had lost his meat. I picked him up an were carryin' him back to the bar'l, kinder strokin' him to cool him down, wen a big rooster that I thort a heap of kinm struttin along. 'Fore I know'd it that cattlsh sprung outen my arms, an' the next minute rooster feathers was flyin' 'round that yard like leaves in November. The cattlish had the rooster by the neck, an' by the time I k'd git him loose he had the chicken dead an' durn nigh all picked ready for b'llin'.

feathers was fight round that yard like leaves in November. The catilah had the rooster by the neck, an by the time I k'd git him loose he had the chicken dead an' durn nigh all picked ready for b'llin'. "Gont'imighty" says I to myself, collarin' the catilah an' holdin him down by main force. "This fish has got grit, an' I'll edicate him?" Arter that I kep' an eye on the catilah for th' was some sheep an some calves runnin' bout the clearin', an' I didn't wan't to lose any of em. I give the fish the name o' Slickery Ben, an' thinkin' th' I mowt get hit him used to things so's he k'd in'y hisseli in a wider sperc. I begun to let the water outen the bar det things so's he k'd in'y hisseli in a wider sperc. I begun to let the water outen the rill little by little, till it' wan't any left in in. I watched Slickery Ben ez he iaid on the dry bottom of the bari, an' he sesmed to like it so well th' I had a collar maile for him with a chain to it. an' lettin him outen the bar', chained him in the back yard. He jist hopped an' skipped fer joy, an' by usin of him good an showin' him in't the human fam'ly wan't livin' jist for him to light. I got him so out loke k'd go nigh him an' be saic. "Iwa'n't long 'fore I took the risk o' on-chainin' him, an' he usety foller me around ez proper ez a dog, an' the funniest part of it were, be were alread to go nish the water. I usety throw sticks in the pond an' try to get him to go in an' fetch 'em out. but 'twa'n't no use. Slickery Ben ilt shy o'that.

That fish got so, sonny, th' he were on-common valyable 'round the clearin. He kep' the liens outen the garden skepri away all the strange dogs, an' were wuth his hett in gold tile wany he'd hunt up hen's nests th' nobody k'd find, an' fetch in outen skepr the ware subject to dawn earli." an 'we couldn't git no track o' what they were the war and look in the clearin ext' to our n. an' we notice th' thick ery Bin all of a suddent took a disikin' to brin, early to our he said the him had a good nearly. He was the make the care and so h

From the Philadelphia Inquire.

Speaking of the modularities of charks remarked the Boy Dr., Luther resterday, when I was staying at these meach, Continuation I was staying at these meach, Continuation I will be added to the north remarkable to a receiver. The thousand the meads in row bonts. The modula are troin to to too tong energing from there is a follow the modula in their kinds with each speak troin to to too tong energing from the to 50 mentals of head in their kinds with each speak in properties. Of devices is a strong income it requires a powerfully manned bod to know my with them.

Well on the own with them.

Well on the own was loading and we were following along her to be negative desired to the lite. Dr. Philipants touch was loading and we were following along her to be a new to keep near har in the short each passe of a side out to be the following and out of the water selects of the large enough the boat of an enouncing energy at the boat four those in spile of all our shoulting and enlashing with oars to frighted him away. Every lime he just missed her stern by about my includes a the passed of the model. The supposition was that the test being pointed while a stracted the large of the sea, and perhaps he though it was come not of tird an impring over the water. I was told it was not the first inge that the boats and over stempted to make a mean of one before.

KAYUTA AND WANETA.

A Tragle Indian Love Story Brought to Light by a Farmer's Plaugh.

HAMMONDSPORT, Oct. 25 -Some years ago s farmer named Charles Matthews, who lived on the farm now known as the Shannar place, on the west side of Lake Waneta, a beautiful sheet of water on the summit of the hills that rise from the east shore of Lake Keuka to a height of over 400 feet, ploughed up a mound in one of his fields. To his surprise he uncarthed a human skeleton, a flint tomahawk, and a sealed earthen jar. The jar was opened with the expectation that it contained treasure, Nothing was found in it but a roll of tanned deer skin, on which were traced innumerable Indian hieroglyphics. The skeleton was that of an Indian, and it crumbled away when ex-posed to the air. Farmer Matthews preserved the relies he exhumed. He subsequently re-moved to the West with his family, taking his Indian relics with him.

Some time ago a native of Hammondsport

who was then engaged in the cattle business in Kansas, was overtaken by night in a lonely spot while looking up some estrays from his herd. He sought spelter at a solitary backwoods cabin that he chanced to com-Although the cabin was small, and already crowded by the numerous family of the settler. the applicant for shelter was taken in and cared for. In the course of the evening's conversation the guest of the hospitable settler happened to mention Steuben county. To his surprise his host told him that he was from Steuben county. His name was Matthews, and it was revealed that he was a son of the Charles

Matthews who had lived on the shores of Lake Waneta, and who had pionghed up the Indian skeleton and the relies. The latter the settic had still in his possession, and he exhibited them to his guest, who became particularly interested in the deer-skin manuscript of Indian hieroglyphics, and finally succeeded in purchasing it from its owner for £2.

The new owner of the parediment was well acquainted with Walker, the antiquarian, who was unequalled as a translator or deepherer of Indian hieroglyphics, and was of such great aid to Schoolcraft in his Indian researches. He took the manuscript to Walker, and the latter translated from it a most dramatic story of Indian love and trazedy, which, as the manuscript itself set forth, was inscribed on the parchiment at the order of Mantore, the great Seneca chief, whose village or camp, when the first whites ventured to this part of the State, was near the farm where Matthews ploughed up the Indian grave. In plain words the legend is this?

It was a time when bitter dissension had arisen among the tribes of the Six Nations. A council of the tribes had been called and Mahtoree, the great Seneca chief, was present with his immediate followers and his household among them his daughter Waneta, the Startled Fawn. Rayuta the Strong Arm, the brave young chieffuln of a rival tribe, hated by Mahhoree, saw Waneta and loved her. She methin in secret, and when the council broke up, with its only result an armed truce which might at any moment break into bloody strife, she returned with her father to his lakeside camp, sad at heart at parting with Kayuta, her lover and har father's foc. She pined and faded, and her tribe was bewindered, for Vaneta had ever been as light of heart as the tawn for which they had named her.

At the time of the green corn dance, when his had seen and his braves were merry by the camp lites, what is a sense of the sone and the washed was a sense of the sone and the washed had a corn of light, and the right she kept the sciolo tryst. He have a sense of the s

whisportings be told Wanets that they were watched, and that she must not seek the old trysting place. He directed her to steer her cance toward the foot of the lake, and to await him on the shore in the shad, w of a tail pine, blasted by lighting, that towered far above the other forest trees. As he was parting with her an arrow whizzed through the air, grazed Kavuta saids and buried itself in Waneta's cance. A saage whosp came from the darkness on the shore. Kayuta quickly pushed Waneta's cance away, and, answering the whosp of his hidden foe with a yell of defluce, sprang toward the shore. Waneta heard with terror and foreboding the sounds of the combat. She yed away toward the blasted pine to await in tear and trembling the coming of her strong-armed lover.

When Kayuta rushed back upon the shore the dark forms of three foes roe up to meet idu. Wouthat he Weasel tell dead at Rayuta's feet at one blow from his tomanawk. Soon the strongle was ever, and Wen has two braves were stretched by his side on the since. As kayuta dealt the blow that had low the last of the three, a shriek that filled the forest and echoed and rechoed about the lake broke upon the sorely wounded lover's ear. Following it in one prolonged wail of agony camethis cry. Kayuta's feet as to most his love. The shriek hat had filled the forest and echoed about the lake plorated also the silence of the linian camp and cavried terior to the a-sembled braves.

With dawa came the startling werd from Mahteres's lo ke that the maid wanet was missing from her nace. Filled with strange foreboding, the cillef hastened with his follows dead on the back of the linian camp and cavried terior to the a-sembled braves.

With dawa came the startling werd from Mahteres's lo ke that the maid wanet was missing from her nace. Filled with strange foreboding, the cillef hastened with his follows dead on the back for her his strange with his follows the startled from the share of the barden distinct of the his was a house of the share was a basteried with his follow

Although the "fraction possessions" is almost anakowa in france country the surface country the surface can into be made in france country the surface can into be made in the prince of the prince of the per uploy a possibilities is its inordinate beatiness for leading which it seems to think one of the per uploy a possibilities is its inordinate beatiness for leading which it seems to think one of the daintest of the thin and it and it first seem it a cut it has been and it and it is seen where it a very the peeps that one of them, if it seems who has left for maker which is the or show one is a very the matter which to be or show one has left for maker which is the matter in the morning to find them chowed to pieces by a perturbation assets, been a tree one which lives encountered in the step of the ware country has best show a female within a year, the last time but a ten days ago the pearly fritter. Insectioned the shop has a categories have the self-ofth a leading which have it will be seen a chark-ofth a believe him a first should be seen that he had in the propose in a single high last the way.

SOME FAMOUS RESORTS.

Monatains, Towns, and Inne that Aboun-

with Pleasure Seckors, Pauts, Oct. 4.-It has never been discovered why certain localities attract only the same nationalities, and why they are systematically avoided by others who flock elsewhere, while In reality they all have almost equal claims as regards beauty, scenery, fashion, elegance, and comforts. Hombourg. Ems. Wiesbaden, the Biviera, and Trouville are crowded with Anglo-Saxons, while the lovely lakes and towns of Savoy know them not, and are chiefly frequented by Russians and French, especially the latter, since the vogue of Baden-Baden waned so decidedly after the Franco-German war. Yet if Americans before concluding their European campaign visited the pretty towns on the shores of the Lakes Du Bourget and Geneva they would find as many and perhaps less hackneyed charms and meet the best so ciety of Paris and St. Petersburg. The Bourget was sung by Lamartine, Lake Leman was dear to Mme. de Stael, and both for a couple of months offer the piquant contrast of excessive worldly elegance and frivolity with the austerity of a grand, majestic nature. Evian is much the youngest in popularity its fame dating only from the Second Empire. when the dignitaries of Napoleon IIL's court headed by Count and Countesa Walewsky, began to patronize it. Aix-les-Bains, on the contrary, had long boasted of illustrious habitues, Countess Solms-now Mme. de Reute, after having been Mme. Ratazzi, exiled from France by her relative the Emperor, and well received by her other relation. Victor Em

A NOT NOT THE OWN AS

tre made a focus of intolerable beat, surrounded by a poiar region of ley blasts and powdered hear frost sliting through chinks and keyholes; the steaming only soup dialed into red carrienware bowls with wooden spoons and handed round to the Corriers people, and the drenched pedestrians, whose wet clothes sent forth but vanors as powerful as those of the soup; the offers of bed in an upper grariment so cold and bare that the glass of the exploring lanter are the form and the sum of the real carried and the sum of the real carried and the sum of the real the wintry landscape, the start the breathless discounts the sum of the real the wintry landscape, the summit that a glistening ripple on its dark face, the pines sent forth their damiest doirs, and the hoots and belies of the horses rattled gayly on the road, the bright packets and relow breaches of the postulion bobbing through the checkered chadword leaves; the exhibitating air, banishing fatigue and allowing the the luxuries of an express the continuous that the luxuries of an express the continuous the lanter of the postulion bobbing through the place of the delightful trips over the dear of mountain that rises as a sentinul between France and more circuitous route. No-on at all the luxuries of an express the achieves the following questions; their transparency conspicuous? How much the roads and the luxuries of an express the carried the sum of the road, the bright packets and relow breaches of the design the continuous that the sum of the road the road that the luxuries of an express the continuous that the sum of the road the road that the luxuries of the continuous that the sum of the road the road that the luxuries

KING OF THE KONIACKERS'

Pete McCartney's Wonderful Skill Countertelling and at Picking Locks.

Short in particular of Northern List and the State of Sta

do they resemble a dewirop hanging from a white rose; that is, are they of pure water and not hely possess the power of refraction to a high degree? Have they a full play of color? And the fancts sharply cut and perfectly defined? Is the stone of good proportions—not sharply for the proposal to the pr